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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of a Summer Tour.

V.

FARTHER UP THE RHINE—CATHEDRAL OF STRASBURG
—THE ORGAN AT FREYBURG—INTO SOUTH GERMANY
—STUTTGART—HERR KOCHER AND THE STIFTS-
KIRCHE ORGAN.

In ascending the Rhine its beauties, as all the world knows, end at Mayence. So forsaking the river at this point, I went by rail, through Darmstadt and Carlsruhe, to Kehl, passing by the castle-crowned heights of Baden on my left, and leaving, on the right, the ancient imperial cities of Worms and Spies. At Kehl the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, three or four miles distant on the opposite bank of the Rhine, seen through the clear air, seems close at hand.

It is natural to compare the Cathedral at Cologne with this at Strasburg. Drifting on in the customary channels of travel, they are visited in close connection. But in their effect upon the mind they differ essentially. The one strikes you as a ruin, leaving the imagination to play with its unfinished parts—the other is complete, save in the absence of its twin tower, which after all is no blemish. The former is bolder in its design, as it is larger in scale, and in its architecture is stern and grand—the latter is all beauty and delicacy and artistic feeling. There is a mystery about the Cologne structure which is in itself a charm. The very name of its architect is unknown. The Cathedral of Strasburg is better placed, and shows for all that it is: "a masterpiece of airy open-work." The artist who designed it was Erwin of Steinbach, whose plans are still preserved in the tower. When he died in 1318, the work was continued by his son and afterwards by his daughter Sabina; in the south transept, placed against the wall, is a statue of the architect, carved by himself. The origin of

the Cathedral of Cologne is a shadowy romance; that of the Minster of Strasburg a fixed fact. Aside from the architecture of the Cathedral, and the curious clock inside, which partakes too much of the puppet-show order to please one long, there is little else of interest in Strasburg.

Of course I did not fail to visit Freyburg, (*Suisse*), and hear the magnificent organ of the Church of St. Nicholas. Concerning this ancient and picturesque town, the guide books will inform you that the *Züringe Hof* close to the bridge, is good—the view, from the platform behind, of the two bridges is very striking: "Tea, 1 fr." That on the portal of the Church is a bas-relief representing the last judgment, and within an organ, built by Aloys Moosen, a native of the place, on which the organist is allowed to play, for the gratification of travellers only, at hours when the Mass is not going on,—fee, 11 fr.—that the performance will terminate with the imitation of a storm, introducing the howling of the wind and the roaring of the thunder, interspersed with a few flashes of lightning from *Der Freyschütz*; all which is ~~very~~ true, but more spirited and concise than satisfactory. It is, indeed, a magnificent instrument, the organ in the Church of St. Nicholas, whose shrine, for the fame thereof, counts its pilgrims by thousands.

This, as is well known, is one of the largest organs in Europe, the largest, perhaps, if we except that now constructing for the Sydenham Palace by the Messrs. Hill of London. It has 7800 pipes, several of which are thirty-two feet in length. I was surprised at the general excellence of its registers, and at their standing so well in tune. The evenness of the climate, perhaps, may have something to do with this. But what gives to this instrument its world-wide fame is the peculiar quality of its vox-humana stop, the tones of which are more than human—are angelic. Musicians and artisans have studied its effects and scrutinized its mechanism, and made many attempts at imitation, but never with success. The people have many a legend and superstition associated with it. There are those who believe the voices of departed friends thus speak to them who are yet in the body. Both Hill of London and Walker of Ludwigsburg, with whom I conversed on the subject, believe its peculiar intonation is dependent, in some way, on the acoustic qualities of the building in which it is placed. If one expects, however, to hear a good specimen of organ playing in these exhibitions, he will be sadly disappointed. You feel it is a show-game from beginning to end—an every day routine, soulless and mechanical. It is in spite of this, and through it all that the intrinsic excellence of the instrument stands forth.

From this point I retrace my route to Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Here I bespoke a place in the *Eilwagen* for Stuttgart, eight hours distant. The road winds, at first, through one of the most fertile districts in Germany. It is a district clothed with vineyards and flowing literally with oil and wine. Presently, the dark outline of the Black Forest appears, far away to the south. Crossing a broken range of hills, where the peasantry toggled out in cocked hats are seen at work by the roadside, we came down, in the edge of the afternoon, among the pleasant valleys of Würtemberg. Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Würtemberg, rests snugly in the little valley of the Nesen brook, surrounded on all sides by vine-clad hills.

I had been kindly favored by Mr. LOWELL MASON (although a stranger to him) with a letter of introduction to Herr CONRAD KOCHER the celebrated organ player of Stuttgart. Of Kocher Mr. Mason quaintly remarked, in forwarding me his letter: "If I believed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, I should surely expect his to take possession of his favorite instrument after death." My note was dispatched to the residence of Herr Kocher early in the morning after my arrival, with an intimation that, if agreeable to him, I would present myself at such hour as he would name. But no sooner did he receive it than, with characteristic German kindness and courtesy, he paid me a visit in person, at my hotel. I had pictured him, in my imagination, after the manner of other artists I had met abroad, full of life and restless activity. There came, instead, a mild and venerable old man of seventy years, who took me warmly by the hand and welcomed me to Germany. In person he was such as Longfellow has described Dannecker—"Of low stature, with a face like Franklin's, his white hair flowing over his shoulders, and a pale blue eye." Indeed, the whole account of the veteran sculptor, as given in the last chapter of "Hyperion," with a decade of years perhaps in favor of the latter, might apply to Kocher, word for word. From the first moment I saw him, he took possession of my whole heart. Very soon we were off for the *Stiftskirche*, where we found the bellows-blower sitting upon the steps and awaiting our coming. The church is a melancholy old structure of the fifteenth century, the interior of which was restored (as it is sacrilegiously termed) in 1841. Enough, however, is left by the defacer and destroyer of modern times, to show that its architecture was once imposing and grand. A gallery supported by massive pillars now extends round three sides of the building. On the eastern or

end gallery stands an organ, built more than a century since by Martyn of Hayengen, who also built the celebrated organ for the Benedictine Abbey of Zwiefalten. Quite recently it has been repaired and improved by Walker of Ludwigsburg. It has 68 effective registers, 4 manuals, and 2 pedales, and 4236 pipes in all, including several of thirty-two feet in length. I had previously listened to the fine instruments in Dublin and at the Birmingham hall in England, and afterwards three of the celebrated Silbermann manufacture in Dresden and elsewhere, as well as one or two of the mellow-voiced organs to be found on the banks of the Danube—but none of them so impressed me at the time, or left such pleasant recollections as this of Herr Kocher at Stuttgart. Of course the Freyburg giant surpasses it for vastness, and pomp and power of sound, and the best of the London instruments are more ready of speech and prompt in action; but in mellow richness of tone, in beauty and affluence of expression (not confined to certain registers only, but pervading the whole instrument) and in variety of resources and telling effects, I think this the finest specimen of its kind I have ever heard. The architecture itself of the instrument is peculiar, it being constructed in two portions joined together by one arch at the top. Between these separated portions, through a window of stained glass, light is admitted into that end of the church. Like most of the organs I met with in South Germany, the key-boards are brought forward so that the performer sits facing the audience.

But what now of the organ-playing of the veteran artist himself? I might say, in general terms, it was something surpassing after its kind. While it was evident, from his earnest enthusiasm and ready manipulation of his instrument, that his natural force had not abated in one jot or tittle—he displayed that thorough knowledge and mastery of its hidden mysteries, that not genius alone can give, but the study of years and a life-time of patient toil superadded. For a couple of hours, I was enchained in willing slavery, moving only from my position, when beckoned by the player to one nearer or more remote, for another phase of effect. What he played I do not recall, and did not well know at the time. Sometimes it was a fragment of a Mass—sometimes a solemn choral, or the finale of a sublime old Handelian chorus. At one time, as I found by looking over his shoulder into a torn and venerable book, a Bach fugue; at another an improvisation which called into exercise all the powers of his instrument in each and every of its stops—singly and in all possible combinations—now soft, now loud—breathing scarce audibly within the cloud swell, and, anon, shouting in thunder-tones from the sub-diapasons. The curious mechanism of the instrument, before alluded to, was not without its fitness. From the window of stained glass behind came a stream of mellow light, itself laden with harmony, and rested like a halo around the old man's head.

Herr Kocher might be called an organist of the old school, in contradistinction from the school of the kickers and swingers to and fro, as they have been aptly termed by Chorley, which so much abounds at the present day. He regards his instrument with a feeling akin to adoration; and, in the church, would even place it on equality with the preacher as a dispenser

of the Gospel to the people—a medium through which, by the intervention of music (its highest office), the soul can hold converse with its Maker. Hence all those attributes which pertain *par excellence* to the organ, shine forth under his hands: dignity, profundity, solemnity, a power to engage the best feelings of the heart and prompt to high and holy purposes. Hence in his treatment of the keys he is always reverent, and his playing, though artistic and impassioned, is imbued with a religious sentiment which bears onward and upward the feelings of his listeners, in spite of themselves. Herr Kocher among the organists is, to my mind, as MASSILLON among the preachers. But now this consummate organ-playing is brought abruptly to a close. A trio of English tourists, Murray in hand, have come, shuffling along the aisles, and put a stopper on enjoyment.

On leaving the church, Herr Kocher remarked that he was preparing for publication a work on the organ, which he hoped he might live to complete.

I was sorry I could not remain over Sunday, and hear the mingling of three thousand voices in the grand old hymns of Martin Luther, which, I was told, formed a part of the service at the *Stiftkirche*.

From the church we went to the manufactory of Carl Weigl, an organ-builder who learned his craft in the famous establishment of Walker of Ludwigsburg. Though a young man he has already gained some celebrity in his calling. He has recently produced some good instruments, which are to be found mostly in the parish churches in the vicinity of Stuttgart. One of these he took me to see and hear. For this purpose we chartered a conveyance to Eilegen, a quaint little town ten miles to the southward, an account of my visit to which I will defer to another chapter.

Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Instrumental Music.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

(Continued from last week.)

The general musical public feel oppressed by the mighty genius of BEETHOVEN; they try in vain to rebel against it. But the wise judges, looking around them with haughty *mein*, assure us: we may believe them, as men of excellent sense and deep penetration, that the worthy Beethoven was not in the least wanting in rich, lively fancy, but that he had no control over it! That he never thought of assorting and shaping his ideas, but jotted down everything, after the method of so-called geniuses, just as he was inspired at the moment by his excited and glowing fancy! But how, if it is only *your* weak eye that cannot fathom the deep inner connection of every composition of Beethoven? If it is *your* fault alone that you cannot understand the master's language, that the gate of the holy of holies remains closed to you.

In truth, the master, fully equal to MOZART or HAYDN in reflection, separates his Self entirely from the inner realm of tones, and reigns over it with unlimited sway. Aesthetic geometers have frequently complained of an utter want of an inner unity, inner connection, in SHAKESPEARE, while before the penetrating eye there arises a beauteous tree, sending forth leaves, blossoms, fruits, from one germ. In like manner it is only by entering very deeply

into Beethoven's instrumental music, that we can discern the high degree of the reflective faculty, which is inseparable from true genius, and is nourished by the study of Art. What instrumental work confirms this more decidedly, than his Symphony, glorious and profound beyond all expression, in C minor? How this wondrous composition leads the listener on, in a constantly progressing climax, into the spirit-world of the Infinite! Nothing can be more simple than the main idea, consisting only of two measures, of the Allegro, which, beginning in unison, at first does not even indicate the key. The character of anxious, restless longing, which pervades this movement, is only the more clearly defined by the melodious counter-theme. It seems as if the bosom, oppressed and tortured by a vague sense of something vast and awful, threatening annihilation, were vehemently struggling, in shrill, penetrating tones, for relief; but soon a radiant form draws smilingly near, and illumines the deep, fearful night. (The lovely theme in G, which has already been touched upon by the horns in E flat). How simple—to say it once more—is the theme which the master makes the foundation of the whole! But how wondrously are all the little episodic and accessory passages connected with it by their rhythmic relation, in such a manner that they only serve to develop more and more the character of the Allegro movement, which the main theme only hinted at! All the passages are short, nearly all consisting only of two or three bars, and these subdivided besides, by a constant change of the wind and stringed instruments. One would think that from such elements there could only arise something disjointed, incomprehensible; but instead of this it is just this arrangement of the whole, as well as the constant recurrence of the different passages and chords, which increases the sense of inexpressible longing to the highest degree. Quite independent of the fact that the contrapuntal treatment bears witness to a deep study of the Art, the connecting sentences too, and the continual allusions to the main theme, show plainly how the noble master conceived and worked over the whole in his mind.

Like a sweet spirit-voice, filling our bosom with hope and consolation, sounds forth the lovely theme of the Andante *con moto* in A flat. But here too, the evil genius which laid hold of and tormented the soul in the Allegro, peeps out threateningly from behind the dark thunder-cloud in which he had disappeared, and his lightning flashes quickly scatter the friendly forms which hover round us. What shall I say of the Minuetto? Listen to the strange modulations, the terminations in the major chord of the dominant, which the bass takes up in minor as the key-note of the following theme—the theme itself continually expanding by a few bars! Are you not again seized by that restless, nameless longing, that sense of the wondrous spirit-world in which the master reigns?

But now, like dazzling sunshine, the glorious theme of the final movement shines out in the jubilant strains of the full orchestra. What wonderful contrapuntal complications are here intertwined into a whole! To some ears, indeed, it may all rush past like a clever rhapsody; but the soul of every thinking listener will surely be deeply and forcibly seized by a feeling which is just that nameless longing of which I have spoken;

and to the final chord, and even for a few moments after, he will not be able to find his way out of that wondrous spirit-world where joy and sorrow, moulded into tones, surrounded him. The inner arrangement of the different passages, their working up, their instrumentation, the order in which they succeed each other—all this tends to one certain point; but it is particularly the close affinity of the different themes to each other, that produces that unity which alone is capable of retaining the listener in *one* mood. This relation often becomes clear to the listener when he hears it in the connection of two passages, or discourses the same fundamental bass in the two different passages; but a closer relation, which does not manifest itself in this way, often speaks out only from the mind to the mind, and this it is which exists in the passages of the two Allegros and Minuetto, and gloriously bears witness to the thoughtful genius of the master.

(Conclusion next week.)

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The New Museum in Berlin.

II.

The attractiveness of the Egyptian Museum, and its admirable arrangement, (due to Prof. Lepsius's well-known taste, skill and learning), added to the fact that the purchase of Dr. Abbott's excellent collection in New York shows the interest felt in the subject in our country, have seemed to justify the minute description of it given in our last. We now pass again into the

TREPPENHAUS.

(Stairway house.) When the building is completed, the grand entrance is to be at this point. At the right is the Egyptian Museum, at the left that of Northern Antiquities, in front the staircase conducting to the main floor. This floor is supported, in the small vestibule in which we stand, by four columns of Carrara marble, two on each side. In ascending the stairs we find on each side casts of small works of ancient Art. The upper row is a complete copy of the frieze of the cella of the Temple of Phigaleia in Arcadia, arranged exactly as they were in the original. We look up to the beautifully carved and gilded roof, rising high above the rest of the building. From the second story (the main story of the building), a stairway leads on each side to the third story, having the lower stairway between them, the landing-place being a portico supported by Caryatides,—an imitation of that of the Erechtheum in Athens, and of the same size. At the foot of these,—one on each side,—stand the colossal statues of the Dioscuri, 17 feet 8 inches high, of which the originals are on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. On each wall are casts of works of Art, the Metopes of the Parthenon, the Theseum, &c. Behind the Dioscuri, and supporting a gallery corresponding to the Caryatides hall, are four Ionic columns of Carrara marble. Under this gallery is the passage way on the right to the halls of Ancient Statuary, on the left to those of Modern. The Treppenhaus is still incomplete. We go up by the southern staircase, and stand in the hall of the Caryatides. The whole southern wall is covered with paintings by Kaulbach, too full of beauty and significance to be included in this general description. We will merely name the subjects. The three great paintings on the south side represent "The Destruction of the Tower of Babel," "The Bloom of Greece," and "The Destruction of Jerusalem." On the northern side the historical sequence is to be continued in "The battle of the Huns," "The Crusades," and "The Reformation." These are connected with each other by

smaller, half historical, half allegorical groups and figures. At the corners are eight allegorical figures; those over the doors, (North and South) representing Myth, History, Poetry and Science; those East and West being the four Arts,—Architecture, Sculpture, Painting and Engraving. Above these paintings a graceful frieze runs about the whole room, representing allegorically the whole course of the development of man. In the third story, to the South, are the rooms designed to contain the curiosities now in the Art chamber (Kunst Kammer) in the Palace. At present they contain only the cartoons for Kaulbach's paintings. To the North is the Gallery of Engravings.

We descend again to the statues of the Dioscuri, and turning to the right, enter (on the second story,)

THE GREEK HALL.

The contents of this hall, the masterpieces of ancient Art, are those which have the greatest attraction for the visitor. At the Northern end is a restoration of the east front of the temple of Ægina, colored in accordance with the views of some archaeologists, and with casts of the sculptures of the pediment as restored by Thorwaldsen. Those of the Western end stand on a raised platform near by. Other works of this archaic period of Greek Art stand in the neighborhood, and the rest of the long hall is nearly filled with the sculptures of the Parthenon. Thus while the Ægina marbles present us with noble specimens of early vigor and correctness in Art, those of the Parthenon, at their side, give us the most perfect remains of its glory and triumph. The metopes, we have already said, are in the Treppenhaus, but the sculptures of the pediments are placed on raised platforms,—those of the Western end, just at our right as we enter from the Treppenhaus; the more complete and noble statues of the Eastern end, in the centre of the room. The frieze is arranged about the room in such a manner as to preserve the connection and present good opportunities for study. The walls of this room are painted with beautiful views in Greece,—the Acropolis of Athens as it looked in its glory, the temples of Ægina and Phigaleia, the harbor of Syracuse, the holy grove of Olympia, and other places. Leaving this room, with regret, we turn to the right, into

THE APOLLO HALL.

Passing first through a small chamber containing the groups of Laocöon. This hall, occupying the Northern end of the building, contains some of the most renowned single works of ancient Art. The Apollo Belvidere, from which it takes its name, stands on a niche on the Eastern side, and, corresponding to it, on the Western side, the beautiful Diana of Versailles. The centre of the room is filled with the great group of the Farnesian Bull. Behind is a cast of the corner of the Theseum in Athens, including one metope, and enough of the pediment, column and other parts to make it a perfect example of Doric architecture. At the other end of the room are three masterpieces near the windows—the sleeping Endymion, the Venus of Capua, and the unrivalled Venus of Milo; near them the torso of Hercules. Smaller and less important statues stand in other parts of the room, among them the Apollo Lycius and the Venus di Medici. In the North-western part of the building is

THE CUPOLA HALL.

A small, high room, with elegant frescoes on the walls. This contains, among others, the Minerva of Velletri, Bacchus supported by two Satyrs, the sleeping Faun, Menelaus with the body of Patroclus, and, most beautiful of all, the Amazon, attributed to Phidias.

THE NIOBE HALL.

Takes its name from the well-known group which adorns the Western side. The dying Gladiator, the

Quoit-thrower, the Antinous, the Achilles, the lovely Ariadne, the majestic head of Juno, and other statues occupy the floor, and the walls are covered with small medallion-shaped pictures representing scenes in Mythology.

THE BACCHUS HALL.

Is a small apartment containing two cabinets destined to receive statuettes and other small antiques, mostly from Pompeii. A few are already placed there.

THE ROMAN HALL.

Is the last of those devoted to ancient Art. The wall-paintings represent scenes in ancient Italy,—the Villa of Hadrian, the Baths of Caracalla, &c. At the entrance are two columns, imitations of those found in Pompeii. The statues of this room are numerous,—the Minerva Giustiniani, Hypnos and Thanatos, the Boy with the Dolphin, and many others. We have thus in this suite of apartments casts of all the most famous remains of ancient sculpture, representing it in every age and school, and specimens of nearly every form of Greek and Roman architecture. Casts of the Lycian and Assyrian sculptures are found in the inner space above the Egyptian court. The Southern end of the building, including the halls which connect with the Old Museum, is yet incomplete. We pass through the

HALL OF THE MIDDLE-AGES.

Occupying the Southern end, and containing nothing at present except the frescoes on the walls, mainly medallion portraits of Emperors and Bishops of Germany in the middle ages. The

HALL OF MODERN ART.

Extends to the Treppenhaus, and is hardly more complete than the preceding. The paintings on the ceiling represent different branches of modern industry. Statues of Thorwaldsen, Schinkel, and other modern sculptors are already placed here, and at the Southern end is a cast of the famous door of the Baptistery in Florence.

The New Museum will, when completed, form—as indeed it does now—the principal attraction of Berlin. It will be a school unsurpassed in its completeness and arrangement for the study of plastic Art. The history of painting is so well illustrated in the Old Museum that its want is not felt here, and the modern German school finds its greatest triumphs in these frescoes of Kaulbach and others. Engraving too is well represented. But Architecture, with the exception of Egyptian and Doric Greek, has not received its fair share of attention. It is to be hoped that the portions of the building yet unfinished will supply this want, although it can hardly be expected to rival in this respect the Crystal Palace of Sydenham, which in other points it surpasses. A Catalogue is much needed. The Egyptian department alone is provided with a satisfactory one by the learned Egyptologist, Dr. Heinrich Brugsch.

Why should not Dr. Abbott's Museum form the nucleus for some such institution as this? We can have casts of all the finest statues and models of ancient temples, and newly discovered vases may as well be bought for America, as for England, Russia, or Germany. We need such a Museum in New York or Boston. We have money enough, and we really wish to be an educated people. For this nothing is more necessary or more easily obtained than copies of these glorious works of Art. W. F. A.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We have already spoken of the casting of CRAWFORD's statue of BEETHOVEN, at Munich, and of its inauguration there with musical solemnities upon the 26th of March, the anniversary of the great composer's death. Our readers may perhaps like to know the programme upon that occasion. The statue was erected in the hall of the Odeon by Herr

VON MILLER, inspector of the Royal Bronze Foundry. The music, conducted by FRANZ LACHNER, consisted wholly of Beethoven's works: viz. his Festival overture in C; Terzette from *Fidelio*; March and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens;" *Sinfonia Eroica*, &c. The whole was preceded by a Prologue, written by DINGELSTEDT, and recited by Mme. DAMBOCK, of the Court theatre, in the character and costume of GERMANIA. We trust we shall soon be celebrating its final inauguration in our Boston Music Hall, for which it is intended.

The songs of ROBERT FRANZ are among the freshest and purest products of true musical inspiration which the present century has yielded. They are really works of genius, every one of them,—and they already count above a hundred,—each a perfectly original, distinctly individual creation,—each, as it were, a spontaneous out-flowing into melody of the spirit of the genuine little poem which in every case inspires his Muse. They have been for a year past the delight of our most refined private musical circles, and there must always be something select in this enjoyment, since they require both a singer and an accompanist, who is truly an artist and of no ordinary skill. Not a few of our readers will be pleased to know that a new set of six Franz songs has just been published, his op. 22, inscribed, too, to a musical lady who has made Boston and New York her home. Breusing, of New York, has them. The *Leipzig Signale* says: "They make one envy any one the gift of singing, for it must be a moment of real bliss in the singing of such songs to become their second creator." "Poetry and Music celebrate their marriage festival in these songs, and Beauty herself consecrates the union." "To embody the true life of these songs in their delivery should not be difficult to an appreciative singer, since Robert Franz, one of the most highly gifted of our song-composers, has found his tones in the poetic truth of the poems themselves: Poetry and Music are here in song, like clear intelligence and true feeling in a fair human form, not to be mistaken, comprehensible and enjoyable to every one." The subjects of the six are: *Gleich und Gleich* (Like and Like), by Goethe; *Vorüber der Mai* (Gone is the May); *Im Frühling* (In Spring); *Frühe Klage* (early lament); *Im Mai* (In May); and *So weit von hier* (So far away), by Burns. Franz's songs never disappoint, that is after you have once made acquaintance with his peculiar genius; and these last are among his very finest, and among the very finest of the world's song-literature. We must speak more at length some day of the songs of Franz. Meanwhile we rejoice that a beginning has been made of republishing them here with German and English words. Nathan Richardson (*Musical Exchange*) has already issued the *Ave Maria*, which, as a real *Ave Maria*, is even better than that of SCHUBERT.

Virtuosos are nothing if they are not astonishing; so when civilization gets to be past wondering at anything, they must needs go among savages. MISKA HAUSER, the violinist, writes a letter to a German paper from the Sandwich Islands. He says: "Seldom has a concert-giver seen so strange a public gathered round him, as surrounded me in Tahiti on the 6th of October.

"The place, now improvised into a concert hall, was formerly an idolatrous temple of the natives; afterwards the false gods were burned here by the queen's command; still later a French court martial here condemned to death the rebellious Indians; and now on the same spot stands a black-coated virtuoso as the Herald of the time, seeking with bow and fiddle to impart to these aboriginal children of nature some ideas of that modern European culture, from whose acquaintance they have so far by a good Providence been spared. On the right, amid tropical plants, sat the governor and his spouse, surround-

ed by many officers in brightly shining uniforms. On the left was the straw mat platform of the bare-footed queen, with many-colored woolen hangings, and the rest of the hall was filled by the strange figures of the natives, whose sense of hearing, until now sound and unsophisticated, had gone into ecstasies about no other song than that of the nightingale.

"I stepped forward, bowed before the bare-footed audience, and opened the concert. Really it took some time, to make this public comprehend that the main business at a concert was to hear; which most of them seemed not to know, for they talked so loud, that several times I was interrupted and had to begin again.

"I played the 'Othello' fantasia by Ernst; but a crashing of trumpets with drums and cymbals *obligato* would certainly have given these tawny Islanders more pleasure than my poor fiddling; for, with the exception of a few friendly European hands, not a finger stirred. So unapplauded have I never played before any public on the earth.

"The Queen now appeared, leading a little boy by the hand, attended by her court ladies, who, bare-footed like their mistress, in fantastical toilet, tripped into the hall and with curious wonder waited for the things that were to happen.

"The first musical celebrity of Otaheite, Mons. Camieux, *chef* of the French military chapel, a broad-shouldered giant, now appeared and played a piece upon the flute. They said it was a cavatina from *Ernani*, and one might perhaps have recognized it as such, but that unhappily most of the tones refused to come at the breath of the corpulent blower, upon whose forehead drops of perspiration stood from sheer exertion. The artist had moreover an original way, on coming out, of kissing his hand most reverentially to the lady governor-ess, a homage, which, although a slight to the bare-footed Pomare and her yellow ladies, was much more pardonable than his flute-playing, which seemed as if it never would end, and in spite of my eloquent signs to him to leave off, he still kept on whistling (*quiquilarte*). Already to my dismay I saw the yawning Pomare get up from her seat; I saw the aboriginal children of nature, whose sense of hearing had been put to so severe a proof, desert the hall; all my alluring hopes of ravishing the barefooted monarchess by my playing, all the illusions of orders, fame and immortality were gone! O wretched flute-player, to whom all this never occurred! Pomare left the hall, without having heard me, driven away by the ungodly flatist.

"After tranquilizing myself as much as possible, and after the unhappy Frenchman had ceased to blow, I once more stepped before the public, I summoned up all my powers, played sentimental love-songs and Paganini Witches' variations, but in vain; no sign of being pleased; the yellow Islanders remained as cold and unsympathetic as before.

"Then in my dire extremity, with the unavoidable *fiasco* before my eyes, a bold resolution seized me. Help me, O legerdemain! I said to myself, and grimly tore the strings from my violin before the eyes of the gaping public and played the 'Carnival' on the G string alone. That worked! A murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, and I was soon beset on all sides by the yellow natural enthusiasts, who at every passage, but particularly at the flageolet tones, burst out into a yell of applause, such as could be drawn from no civilized public. Always I played only the 'Carnival,' always I improvised new variations, and the more stupid and *baroque* these sounded, the more enthusiastically shouted my bare-footed admirers, who would not leave the hall until my arm sank down exhausted to my side.

"After the concert all Tahiti was in a state of excitement. All sorts of things were told of the foreign fiddler, who had come across so many seas, and who knew how to pipe upon the wood as well as any bird. The rarest fruits and flowers were sent to my

hotel; whenever I play, a wondering crowd is gathered under my windows, and when I go out, every body greets and approaches me in the most friendly manner; in short, I am the hero of Tahiti. And all these miracles the 'Carnival' alone has worked! Verily, the violinists know not how much they have to thank this piece for, whose wonder-working operation like a syren song often inflames the coldest public, and which to me has often been the saving stroke, as it was this time."

The first one hundred representations of *L'Etoile du Nord* in Paris have yielded MEYERBEER and SCRIBE 33,807 francs each.—We see it stated that the Italian Opera in Paris closed its performances with Verdi's *Travatore*. We should think it would close any opera.

Some of the German critics, among others ZELLNER of the *Blätter für Musik*, have set up the standard of RUBINSTEIN and seem to regard the young Titan as "another Beethoven just creeping from the egg." But *La Presse* and others dismiss his claims as a composer in the most summary manner. If any one desires to see and judge from the printed works, BREUSING in New York has a great variety of them; but you must have a pair of virtuoso hands at your command.

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S Symphony in C has been arranged for two pianos by KLINDWORTH—Nägeli in Zurich publishes a journal called the *The German Organist*. No. 1 contains a remarkable piece by J. S. BACH, entitled "Little Labyrinth of Harmony," which consists of three movements: the first (*Introtitus*) is the labyrinth proper, full of enharmonic modulation; the middle piece (*centrum*) is a chromatic Fugetta; the last (*Exitus*) forms the postlude, again in labyrinthine style.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season opened April 14th with Rossini's *Il Conte Ory*, an opera much admired by the *Athenaeum*, which grows melancholy when it contrasts its delicious music with that of the new reigning Italian school.

How many of the pieces may belong to Signor Rossini's *Vagghio a Rheims* is not to be told,—but the opera has in no respect the air of a piece of patchwork, and its dramatic structure considered, is alike free from weak points and from reminiscences. The introduction may have been forsworn in the introductions to *La Gazza* and *Cenerentola*, but the air of the Preceptor, No. 2—the duet (No. 8) between Count and Page, and the whole *finale* to the first act,—have the freshness and sparkle of Signor Rossini's best time, and a finish and delicacy which his early works do not exhibit. Further, the opera rises as it proceeds. When was ever scene more melodious, easy and graceful than the duet and chorus of ladies on which the curtain rises for the second act—passing off into the storm, with the sweet and holy, yet hypocritical, pilgrims' chant heard without, by way of contrast! The drinking bout of the enterprising Count and his companions, in their nuns' gear, is as rakishly chivalrous in its jovial spirit, as the night-music for the cloistered ladies is elegantly noble. It is not needful to dwell on the *trio* (No. 11) as perfect after its kind,—that being one of the few portions of the opera which is universally known, and as universally relished. To follow such a work through, and then to think of what Italian music has sunk to since it was written,—to recollect the groups of trite notes which must now pass for melody,—the screams drawn out under pretext of dramatic passion,—and the style of instrumentation which now gives a trumpet a unisonal melody with the *soprano*, and allots to every recitative its grumbling *tremolando* by way of support,—is to receive as sad an illustration of the "mutability of things" as modern Art can furnish.

Mme. BOSTO sings the part of the heroine with great brilliancy, and looks it gracefully. Is it vain to ask this lady to consider what she says more carefully? A *solfeggio* in costume is not a part; and up to the present time we have not heard a word from her lips. Mlle. MARAT is satisfactory as the page; but more to our liking is Mme. NANTIER-DIDIEE, in the smaller part of Ragonda. The quality of this lady's voice makes her effective in concerted music. Then Sig. GARDONI, as the second hand Don Juan who gives his name to the opera, is well fitted for the character, both by his voice and by his personal appearance. He sings well, he plays agreeably,

and he is supported with due spirit and enjoyment by MM. TAGLIAFICO and ZELGER. It is long, we repeat, since a season has opened more auspiciously for the lovers of music.

Il Conte Ory was twice repeated, and then came (Thursday, 19th) the grand exhibition night, when the Emperor and Empress of France visited the opera in state, and fabulous sums were paid for seats. Her Majesty had the good taste for this occasion to command *Fidelio* as the piece to be performed; although, as the *Leader* says, "the attention of the vast audience was so absorbed by the Imperial and Royal *dramatis personæ*, that the republican BEETHOVEN had no chance of a hearing, even with a new *prima donna* for his *Fidelio*." The *Times* says:

It was more than ten years since an Emperor had been visible in a London theatre; and the audience gazed and gazed as though they imagined that such an event would not occur again for as many more, if indeed in our time. The theatre looked wonderfully gay and brilliant in its new attire, which, like the shining coat of a butterfly, is, we presume, to be shortly cast aside for another. The hangings of white calico, with broad satin edges and gold ornaments, gave a light and airy appearance to the boxes, adorned, moreover, with festoons of flowers from top to bottom; and there was as much propriety as elegance in the banners that separated one box from another, with the initials "V" "N" "E" "A," variously distributed in the midst of circular wreaths—one initial on each banner. The retiring rooms of the State box, which comprised the saloon at the grand entry and a portion of the lobby on the grand tier, were arranged with consummate taste and prodigal magnificence. Vast mirrors multiplied the effects of the statuary, parterres of flowers, richly adorned furniture, and endless lustres which almost realized the ideal of one of the palaces of the Arabian Nights. Foremost among the manifestations of the sculptor's art were statuettes of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Empress Eugénie, and the Emperor of the French.

The illustrious party did not make their appearance until after the first act of the opera was over. The interval was passed by the audience—probably the most brilliant, if not the most numerous, ever assembled within the walls of a theatre—rather in a low sustained buzz or murmur of expectation than in attention to the performance. About a quarter to ten Her Majesty entered the state box with the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and the Empress Eugénie with his Royal Highness Prince Albert. Mr. COSTA then waving his bâton, *Partant pour la Syrie* was struck up, and the acclamations of the audience were graciously responded to by repeated obeisances. The French national air was succeeded by our own anthem, in which Mme. BOSIO sang the first verse, and all the company of the Royal Italian Opera, except those engaged in the performance of *Fidelio*, took part. The *entente cordiale* thus harmoniously established, the cheers and acclamations were renewed, until the illustrious party resumed their seats, and the *Leonora* overture, magnificently played by the orchestra, obtained at least some degree of consideration for the music of Beethoven. After the second and third acts of the opera, which were listened to with comparative attention, and had a far better chance of being appreciated than the first, the curtain rose, and the stage presented an unusual spectacle. Behind the principal performers and the chorus were revealed a dense mass of ladies and gentlemen in full dress, who, sooner than not be present on such an occasion, had purchased the privilege of standing before the footlights during the performance of the national anthem and *Partant pour la Syrie*.

Of the principal performers most of the critics reserve their judgment; but the *Leader* says:

Mlle. JENNY NEY comes to us recommended by a considerable reputation in Germany, and by the name of JENNY, which ever since the days of the LIND has possessed a singular fascination for the British public. Mlle. NEY made her *début* under circumstances most trying, but she appeared nothing daunted, and from first to last performed with ease and self-possession, singing and acting with a perfect mastery of her faculties, and a perfect control over her emotions, in the face of all that brilliant distraction. Mlle. NEY apparently enjoys the advantage (which so many would gladly forego!) of experience and maturity in her art. Powerfully constructed, and with a decided capacity for boots, with a fair complexion and a very German countenance, she wears a frank and pleasing aspect. Her voice, a thoroughly-trained and strong *mezzo soprano*, is round and rich in the medium notes; rather rough, it appeared to us, in the lower; and rather flat in the higher part of the register. She sang the long and difficult *scena* with sustained dignity and a finely-reserved emotion, and with a purity and correctness of intonation that never failed. We trust it may be said that Mlle. JENNY NEY, though not a JOANNA WAGNER, is a real acquisition to the theatre. FORMES was thoroughly at home, and always *en scène*, in the part of the bluff but kindly gaoler; and TAGLIAFICO is always the finished artist. On Thursday, however, he once or twice appeared a little absent, and sang beside the note. It must be confessed that the music ascribed to Pizarro is almost as ungrateful as the part, and seldom repays the most correct singing, so far as the audience is con-

cerned. TAMBERLIK, who was gladly recognized on his prison pallet, was looking a little thinner perhaps, but in capital vocal preservation. The large phrasing and the passionate *vibrato* were welcomed with satisfaction by the regular opera-goers, and he gave the C in alt as a sort of *emphasis* to his European reputation. Mr. COSTA's orchestra played the two overtures, especially the *Leonora*, with even more than the usual spirit, decision, and delicacy. The chorus was neither ineffective nor remarkable. The Prisoners' chorus went off without a hand.

DRURY LANE.—Italian and German opera for the million, at ordinary play-house prices, and without the conventional restrictions of "full dress," was so successful at this theatre last year, that a new season was commenced on the 16th ult. with the *Sonnambula*.—The *Leader* says:

The Amina and the Rodolpho were far above the average, and the Elvino was at least agreeable. Mme. GASSIER, who was a favorite at the Italian Opera in Paris last winter, is a Spanish lady, with a most Castilian countenance and most Andalusian eyebrows and lashes. She looks all energy and confidence, too short in figure to be graceful, but still engaging and attractive. This is not exactly the picture of Amina; and Mme. GASSIER, we may say at once, has not the air of an *ingénue*. But with a piercing soprano, flexible and powerful to an extraordinary degree, and attaining unheard-of altitudes with perfect nonchalance, she sang the *Come per me* brilliantly, and with the finale *Ah non giunge* "carried away" the house. It is, however, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, in which she is announced to sing on Monday, that she is seen and heard to the best advantage. Monsieur GASSIER has a clear, powerful, and smooth baritone voice, which he manages with excellent taste, and his acting is smart and intelligent.

We were agreeably disappointed at finding the Signor BETTINI not the "robust tenor" of that name, but a young man, apparently new to the stage, raw and awkward in his gestures, destitute of any dramatic pretensions, but gifted with a sweet and facile voice, well taught and judiciously used. The chorus is painstaking, and the orchestra, ably conducted by Mr. J. H. TULLY.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The programme of the third concert, under Herr RICHARD WAGNER, was as follows:

PART I.	
Sinfonia in A, No. 2.....	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Va s'bramando," Mr. Weiss (Faust).....	Spohr.
Concerto, Pianoforte, in B flat, Op. 19, Mr. Sloper.....	Beethoven.
Aria, "Bald schlägt die Abschieds-stunde," Madame Rudersdorff.....	Mozart.
Overture, "Euryanthe".....	Weber.
PART II.	
Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5.....	Beethoven.
Recit, "Im Wechsel immerdar".....	Madame Ruders-
Aria, "Ja ich fühle's....."	dorff (Faust).
Overture, Les Deux Journées.....	Cherubini.

The *Daily News* never heard the symphonies go so well, the *Athenæum* and the *Musical World* never heard them go worse. But Wagner apart, they all agree about Mr. Sloper's "masterly" performance of that early Concerto of Beethoven; and most of them about the general excellence of the vocal music, particularly that by Mme. Rudersdorff, whose first piece is said to be a musical curiosity, written by Mozart for the *Zauberflöte*, in the style of the two airs of the Queen of the Night, but never sung, because of its difficulties, which this lady conquered. The *Athenæum*, however, says "she screams."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 19, 1855.

Musical Clubs and Parties.

The amount of musical taste in a community is not necessarily to be measured by the audiences it furnishes in any given season to oratorios, operas and concerts, good, bad, or indifferent. The concert-giving experience in Boston this past winter has been somewhat discouraging to the musicians and societies, and, contrasted with the seemingly unbounded appetite for classical performances in preceding winters, has even caused the question to be mooted, whether the perhaps too much boasted musical taste of our good city can have retrograded? whether it may not have been *not* a real taste, but only a sham, a fashion of the hour, a superficial, feverish, contagious excitement, of which the only wonder

was that it died out no sooner? These are reasonable enough questions at any time. Taste in the public at large, anywhere and in any age, is subject to its variations, is liable to be corrupted, sensualized, demoralized, in short to retrograde:—witness even Vienna, the city of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, Schubert, overrun even in the life-time of Beethoven by the taking fashions of Italian opera and dance orchestras, and chiefly given up to them to this day. And there is *always* large allowance to be made for fashion, imitation, and all kinds of factitious influences in the eagerness with which people flock to so-called classical concerts. But in our own experience this season we see nothing really discouraging. If the concert audiences have fallen off, it does not affect our conviction, we may say our *knowledge* of the fact, that the number of persons in and about this city who enjoy and love the Symphonies and other great works of the masters, and who make them a matter of thought and study, a part of the earnest culture and devotion of their lives, has been very large for years past, and is much larger at this moment than it has ever been before.

Should several successive years pass without good and frequent public performances of such music, it would alter the case; for the love of beauty must be continually reanimated by the inspiring presence of beauty; but we have not yet begun to feel the drought to any very damaging extent; or, if we do not feel it, it is so far an evidence that the desire is yet alive within us; that the 'hart still panteth after the water-brooks;' and meanwhile there are other encouraging signs of musical life, devotion and improving taste among us, which are perhaps even more worthy to be counted gain, than any brim-full measures of our concert halls which we have seen or hope to see. Think of the demand for music-teachers, and of teachers who have the spirit of Art in them. Think of "the pianoforte in every house," and of the enormous manufacture and sale of these and other musical instruments. Think how many accomplished amateur players and singers, of both sexes, now add an artistic grace to all our cultivated circles of society. Think what shop-fulls of music are printed and circulated in our land, and, if the greater mass of it be trash, yet how large is the proportion of really classical, enduring works, such as the Sonatas of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, the best oratorios and Masses, the Songs without Words and with words, of Mendelssohn, Schubert, &c., the favorite operas, the collections of organ music, &c. Think how wide a sale the solid publications of the house of Novello in London are acquiring in this country; how many persons, even in the humbler walks of life, have their own copies of the "Messiah," the "Creation," the "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and can lend a voice not ineffectually in the performance of these noble works.

But we have been unwittingly betrayed into this long introduction in undertaking to call attention simply to *one* manifestation of the progress of musical taste among us, in spite of the fluctuations of the concert business. We allude to the improvement both in quantity and quality of private musical entertainments. It may almost be said that there has been more of really good music, well performed, in private houses here this winter, than there has been in public,—excepting of course oratorios and orchestras.

Many a time, in the dearth of fresh or interesting public themes for musical report or criticism, have we wished it were allowable to tell of the choice social feasts of music which we have enjoyed in private, and to a large extent from amateur performers. These may be regarded as in some sense the most legitimate and best fruits of the inspiring concerts to which our young music-lovers have been so freely exposed for several years past. They prove how genuine and deep has been the efficacy of so much good music heard in public. They prove that it has not been listened to in vain; that it has not left the listener content with passively enjoying, but has stimulated him in his turn to some sort of musical activity. For the re-assurance of the desponding, and the confounding of the always-will-be skeptical we may recount in general, without violation of the rights of privacy, what has been going on in this way.

First, we have already alluded to the Soirées of Italian vocal music, given by our excellent teachers Sig. CORELLI and Sig. BENDELARI, in which their pupils executed the most difficult operatic pieces in a style that would do credit to eminent professional artists. These occasions, with the preparation for them, and the stimulus they give, naturally imply not a little of such practice going on in larger or smaller circles in many private houses.

Next, as the most interesting and significant of all, perhaps, we may mention the various Clubs of amateur musicians, who meet periodically in one another's houses for the practice of certain kinds of music. Some of these have occasionally allowed a room-full of their friends to enjoy the fruits of their social study, and it has caused not a little pleasure and surprise to find how much of the highest and choicest kind of music has formed the material of this club practice, how thoroughly and conscientiously the music has been learned, and what an artistic and refining element it contributes to the ordinary social resources and amusements. In one of these clubs, composed of a dozen of our finest amateur voices, spending an evening weekly under the most severe and yet inspiring drill of a thorough German artist, it has been our privilege this winter to become acquainted with much fine German music never yet heard in our concerts. We can recall such compositions as the entire *Lauda Sion* and the Psalm: *As the hart pants*, of MENDELSSOHN; all the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, many four-part songs, &c., by the same; several motets by BACH; a Psalm for four soprani by FRANZ SCHUBERT; portions of SCHUMANN's "Paradise and the Peri"; an exceedingly beautiful *Kyrie*, and a Psalm by ROBERT FRANZ, in the most pure, religious style. These were learned and sung with rare perfection (for these parts) and, with a masterly pianoforte accompaniment, produced a sensation so unique and pure and fresh, that all felt their standard and ideal of true Art from that moment raised. Another Club, similarly composed, to which we have been a frequent listener, a model in its way for long-continuing fidelity, has been more exclusively devoted to the practice of Masses, a form of music which is as convenient for social practice, and as fascinating, as it is intrinsically good and elevating. During the winter we have heard in this way the Mass in C, by BEETHOVEN, that in D by CHERUBINI, and the *Requiem* of MOZART, not to speak of more familiar

and easy Masses which have been from time to time revived. All these have been so thoroughly learned, as to convey to listening friends quite a conception of the music, so far as it is possible without orchestral accompaniment, large chorus, and the local charm of the cathedral. By way of dessert after solid practice, it has not been uncommon in both of these Clubs to hear some of the exquisite songs of SCHUBERT, MENDELSSOHN or FRANZ, a Sonata of BEETHOVEN, or a four-hand performance of one of the fine Symphonies, in which we have amateurs who can bear their part with the professional artists.

Clubs for Mass singing are not confined to Boston. In Salem, Lowell, Lawrence, Cambridge, Brookline, and other neighboring towns, there are or have been such, creating not a small demand for the cheap and convenient Novello editions of these works.—There is also a Club for the practice of Italian opera music under the direction of one of our most accomplished *maestri di canto*: and it speaks well for the disposition to shun musical intolerance and one-sided taste, that both German and Italian Clubs are in not a few instances composed of the same members, striving to do full justice to each kind of music. These are some of the musical Clubs which occur to us, and doubtless there are many more, of many kinds, among the amateurs of Boston and vicinity.

So much for Clubs. Another sign of progress is the frequency of late of classical musical parties in the houses of our wealthier amateurs, who engage the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and other artists, to entertain their guests of an evening with choice programmes of string quartets, piano trios, sonatas, compositions of Chopin, songs of Franz and Mendelssohn and Schubert and Mozart. Really the choicest feasts of classical chamber music have been heard in this way, and the stimulus they give to musical taste, if less wide in circumference, is perhaps deeper and truer in quality and as far-reaching in the end, than that that usually proceeds from concerts. Among the many programmes of such occasions we may cite the following, for a sample, and let this end our rambling talk for this time, hoping that we have shown some reason for the belief that musical taste has not after all been dying out among us.

Trio in B flat, op. 11.....Beethoven.
Aria, "Rendi il sereno al sigillo,".....Handel.
Sonata for Piano and Violin, in F, op. 24.....Beethoven.
Polonaise: } for Piano.....Chopin.
La Berceuse: }
Trio in D minor, op. 49.....Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Saria pur dolce amore,".....Marelli.
Polacca for Piano and Violoncello.....Chopin.

New Music.

Our table groans with the piles of newly published pieces or collections of music, reprints of entire works, manuals, methods, scientific text-books, &c., which have been accumulating during the month past, and for which the publishers collectively and singly have our thanks. It is impossible publicly to notice, or even to read through them all as fast as they come along; and many of them, it must be confessed, are scarcely worth the notice and find their publics chiefly through the absence of such features as may be supposed to interest the readers of an Art journal. But many also are of various degrees of excellence and real value, such as it is well that the right-minded student or amateur should know of. We do what we can to-day to reduce the pile of the unnoticed, meaning to make repeated onslaughts on the same until it shall all be disposed of.

Foremost as ever, and most abounding in (we can often say) good works, comes that indefatigable publisher, OLIVER DITSON, from whose many and multifarious sendings we for the present single out the following:

1. *A New and Complete Edition of the Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of MOZART.* This is a reprint of a London serial, consisting of some thirty or forty choice selections from Mozart's operas and occasional songs, with the original Italian or German words and a new English version, the whole arranged from the scores and adapted to the English by S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc. The list includes all the best things, for one, two or three voices, from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Zauberflöte*, *Idomeneo*, and *La Clemenza di Tito*, besides half a dozen of his simple little songs, like "Come, Lovely May," "Forget me not," &c. Among those already issued (which may be had singly) are the duet: *La ci darem* from *Don Giovanni*; the baritone buffo song: *Non piu andrai*, from the *Figaro*; and the duet: *Crudel, perchè finora*, from the same. The music itself requires no recommendation; every singer of course wants to have these pieces, when he can have them in correct, elegant and cheap copies, such as these are.

2. *The Harp of Italy (Lira d'Italia).* Another serial Collection of Vocal Extracts, from the popular Italian operas, with Italian and English words. These are pieces to which the operatic amateur would make constant reference, if he had them by him, and here he has them in convenient and attractive form. Those already received are: 1. the great Quintet, *Chi mi frena*, from *Lucia*; 2. *Vicino a chi s'adora*, quartet from *Il Giuramento*; 3. the trio: *Ah qual vittima*, from *Norma*; 4. *Qual volutta*, trio from *I Lombardi*; 5. *Di tanti regi*, the rich and stately quartet from the first scene of *Semiramide*; 6. *E rimasto la impietrato* ("Like a statue without motion"), the humorous and exceedingly effective quartet from *Don Pasquale*. There are many more in prospect.

3. *L'Art du Chant appliqué au Piano*, by THALBERG. We have before spoken of the principal numbers of this very useful series of transcriptions of vocal pieces (from Mozart, Beethoven, Pergolesi, Stradella, Rossini, Bellini, and others) for the piano, after the peculiar manner of Thalberg, who makes the voice-parts, solo or concerted, sing upon the instruments, with accompaniments above and below; the voice-part or melody being engraved in larger characters than the rest, to indicate that it is to be thrown forward distinctly and prominently in the execution. We have now Nos. 8 and 9 of the series. These are a beautiful *Larghetto* ballad from WEBER's *Preciosa*, and the chorus of *Conspirators* from MEYERBEER's *Il Crociato*. A song from SCHUBERT's *Müllerin* series, the Duet from *Der Freyschütz*, and MOZART's *Il mio tesoro* are the remaining subjects. All the subjects are interesting, and the transcriptions faithful and effective, so that they afford capital practice in the art of illustrating a melody, with great richness of accompaniment, through the medium of one pair of hands. The edition is one of the most elegant specimens of music engraving which we have seen. The separate numbers cost 75 cents each, but the whole series of twelve, bound, is marked \$5.00.

NATHAN RICHARDSON (Musical Exchange), publishes among other things the following:

1. *Menuet de MOZART*, arranged for piano by SCHULHOFF. This is that graceful and perfect little Minuet and Trio, from the E flat Symphony, which was so charmingly played by Mr. SATTER. It proves that good music may become extremely popular.

2. *Ave Maria*, ballad by ROBERT FRANZ. Those who remember OTTO DRESEL's concerts and Miss LEHMANN's singing, (and who can forget them?)

will eagerly possess themselves of a copy of this lofty, pure and lovely melody, which is not difficult, so far as mere execution is concerned. The English words are singable, and a pretty close translation of the German of GEIBEL, which is also given.

3. *On the Sea*; ballad by FRANZ SCHUBERT, German and English words. Characteristic, wild and fascinating.

4. *The Mignon Song*, by FRANZ SCHUBERT. This is the sad little song in "Wilhelm Meister": *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*, &c., treated by Schubert in very much the same manner in which Beethoven has treated it in one or two of his four settings of the same; only Schubert develops the simple and sad strain to greater length.

5. *Sixty-Six Interludes in the most usual Major Keys for the Organ, Seraphine or Melodeon*, by J. HILTON JONES. These are short strains, only a line each in length, and all essentially of the same character of expression, which is solid and church-like. They are in true organ style, the four parts of the harmony having each its individual movement, and therefore good to put into the hands of young players at church organs, whom it is seldom safe to leave to the inspirations of their own fingers. But why *all* in the major key? And why only two varieties of measure, the common, and the three-four? Or is this little book but the beginning of a series?

CONCERTS.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE's fourth and last concert took place at Chickering's, on Thursday evening. A large and highly respectable audience, including many of the truest music-lovers, were highly satisfied with the execution of the programme, which was choice and classical. For her own part, she had selected three very formidable compositions, a Trio, a Concerto and a Fugue. The well-known Trio by MENDELSSOHN, in D minor, was a large undertaking for a young lady, and we could only be astonished at the power and certainty and firmness with which she went through it, showing that she had studied carefully the character of its nervous Allegro, its tranquil and religious Andante, its light and sparkling Scherzo, and its impassioned Finale,—although the latter we thought taken hardly fast enough; and one missed a certain vitalizing and poetic something in the whole. More caution in the use of the pedals would obviate the blur felt in some passages. Yet the execution was highly creditable and showed progress. The Fugue of BACH, in A minor, one of those florid, delicate arabesques, was smoothly played, but rather lifelessly. The *Concert-Stück* of WEBER seemed a less anxious performance, and came out with a freedom, grace and brilliancy that were quite effective. It was much her happiest effort. The *Concert-Stück* had a fine septet accompaniment, by the Messrs. FRIES, MEISEL, EICHLER, (strings), and KREBS (flute), RYAN, (clarinet), and DE RIBAS (oboe). The brothers Fries did well their part in the Trio.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB contributed an Andante from HAYDN's Quartet in D, and Quintet arrangements of two piano pieces: viz. BEETHOVEN's *Andante Favori* and one of the *Lieder ohne Worte*. Mrs. WENTWORTH sang with her usual purity and sweetness a Latin hymn (*Ecce Panis*) by CHERUBINI, a Mozart-like sort of melody, not unlike the same composer's *Ave Maria*, and HAYDN's charming canon: "My mother bids me bind her hair."

The CONCERT by the PYNE and HARRISON troupe on Wednesday night of last week was a good old-fashioned English concert, and gave such pleasure that nearly every piece was called for twice and even thrice. This was the case with each of the Gleees, which led to quite a series of them; and

they were nicely sung, save that the unaccompanied voices did not fall into quite perfect tune the first time. Miss LOUISA PYNE's singing of "Cease your Fanning," with variations, and of BENEDICT's "Sky-Lark," was in her most admirable style, and she fed the appetite of the delighted audience with some charming ballads, accompanying herself. Her sister also sang a ballad very sweetly. Mr. HORNCASTLE gave the Cinderella Song: "Ye tormentors" and Hatton's "Simon, the Cellarer," with much comic humor. The programme was exceedingly long, and everything had to be repeated, even to one of those everlasting sentimental ditties of the Balfé order, by Mr. BORRANI, whom a portion of the audience would compel to "sing that (tedious) song again." Mr. HARRISON was perhaps more frequently in tune than usual.

The Farewell Concert, Saturday afternoon, was equally successful. So perfect a singer as Miss LOUISA PYNE will always be welcomed back to Boston.

MR. SATTER had a crowded and delighted audience, of some 300 persons, at his piano concert at the Norfolk House, last week, and proposes soon to give another.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The mere announcement of Rossini's "William Tell," his greatest opera, at the Boston Theatre, on Monday evening, will be enough to call out all our music-lovers. It is a rare chance, and a brief one, and we must improve it while it lasts.

Meanwhile Opera in New York seems in a hopeless snarl of disagreements. The LAGRANGE and MIRATE troupe coalesced with the Academy, and sang there but one night, before there was a general falling out. What becomes of the new troupe we do not learn; the Academy is closed against them; they have lost the chance of Niblo's, and the Academy party also pre-occupies our Boston Theatre. We shall have nothing to complain of.

CLASSICAL TRIO CONCERT. The fourth and last concert of those very able artists, Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNGNIKKEL, will take place in the beautiful saloon of Messrs. HALLET and DAVIS, this evening. Those who go will hear much admirable music played by very skilful hands.

MISS ELISE HENSLER.—The papers have already announced the probable return of our young prima donna to America. Her father's continued illness has made it impossible for her to continue in Europe without his protection and under the constant anxiety which his condition brought upon her. She is endeavoring to bring him home, and at last accounts had arrived in Paris after a painful journey. We may expect to welcome her in Boston before many weeks.

Musical Fund Society.—At a special meeting of this Society, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing season:—President, C. C. Perkins; Vice President, T. Comer; Secretary, Thos. Ryan; Treasurer, S. S. Pearce; Librarian, Henry Fries; Auditor, A. Fries; 1st Associate, F. Fries; 2d Associate, C. H. Eichler; Trustees, Thos. F. Chickering, S. E. Guild, Geo. T. Bigelow, J. P. Bradlee, John Bigelow.

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Albert, her son..... Signora Bertucca-Moretsek
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Arnoldo, in love with Matilda..... Signor Bolcioni
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The Ticket Office will be opened at the Music Store of E. H. Wade, 197 Washington street. Tickets may likewise be purchased at the Box-office of the Theatre on the evening of the performance.

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